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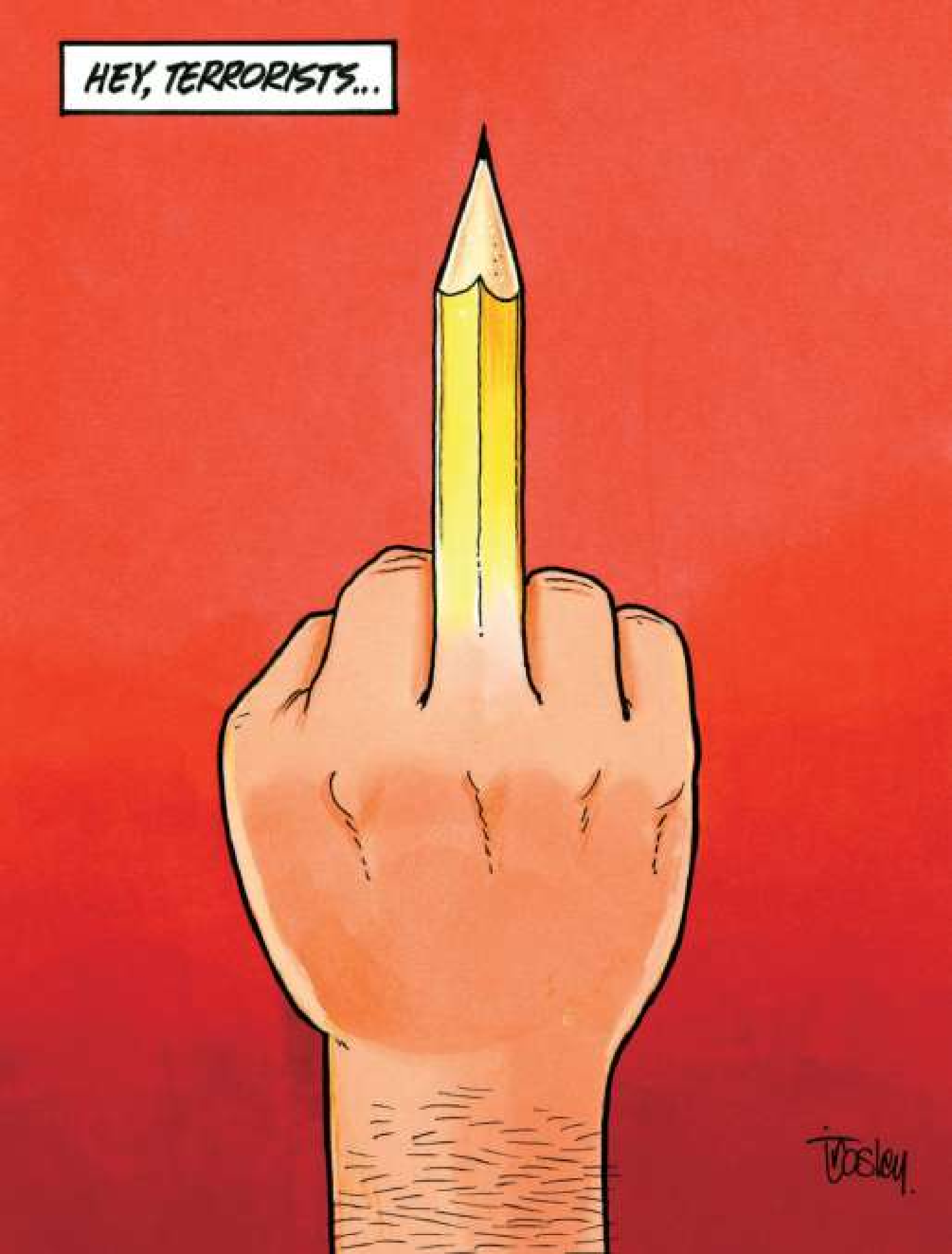
HEY, TERRORISTS...
TOOLEY

"I'm not saying I didn't do it. I'm saying I don't *remember* doing it."

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HUSTLER

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Advertising
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Cover photo by Holly Randall Productions

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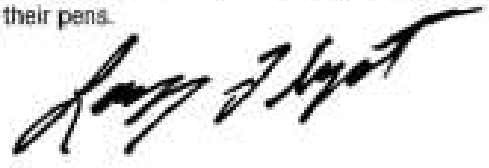
THOUGHTS ARE FREE

The sickening news that Islamic militants had executed the top staff of French satire publication *Charlie Hebdo* hit very close to home for me. I've been shot, sued and repeatedly threatened by people who didn't like things I published. The cartoonists at *Charlie Hebdo* worked in the same nothing-is-sacred spirit as we do at HUSTLER, using freedom of speech to make fun of people who try to tell us what we can or can't say. I've heard people ask why we can't practice free speech without offending people. I tell them: Free speech is only important if it's offensive. If it's not offensive, you don't need the protection of the First Amendment.

But this is not only about freedom of the press. It is about freedom of thought. If you censor a cartoonist or any creative person, you are interfering with his or her thought process. No one has a right to do this. The men who killed the creative minds at *Charlie Hebdo* wanted much more than to avenge a few cartoons. They wanted people to be afraid to think freely and for the state to react by censoring offensive speech. But in a free and civil society, there is no such thing as a thought crime. Thoughts are free, and people have a right to express them.

There will always be people willing to kill and maim to stop free expression of thought and creativity. Censorship and political correctness will not prevent that. In fact, it will encourage our enemies by letting them think their tactics are successful. I salute the courage of the men and women at *Charlie Hebdo*, and I am happy to see their publication continue its work fearlessly. I am confident that for every person who falls in the fight for free speech, many more will rise to take up their pens.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

HOW FOX NEWS KEEPS THE IDIOTS IN LINE
LOOK OUT! EBOLA!

IN THE LINE OF FIRE

PROVOCATIVE JOURNALISM IS A DANGEROUS ENDEAVOR EVEN IN COUNTRIES WHERE FREE SPEECH IS SACRED.

Je suis HUSTLER. Despite being a longtime contributor to this magazine, I have been shocked by its raunchy and occasionally downright disgusting cartoons, some placed dangerously close to my own pristine words. But I had a change of heart in the aftermath of the massacre of those uncontrollably irreverent cartoonists who personified the French satirical newspaper *Charlie Hebdo*.

Well aware of the risks in standing up to religious fanaticism, they persevered, and their deaths attest to the depth of their courage. Yes, their cartooning was at times socially unhinged from the conventional norms. But as my favorite smut peddler Larry Flynt always says, paraphrasing the late great Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, freedom of thought has to be for the thought you hate, or it isn't freedom.

Flynt—a lifelong supporter of the ACLU, which even defended the right of neo-Nazis to march in Skokie, Illinois—knows what he's talking about. As HUSTLER's publisher has often pointed out, Hitler started his intellectual reign of terror in Germany by going after the pornographers and sexual "deviants" before moving on to more respectable targets. Flynt also came as close to death as is imaginable for his exercise of freedom of the press. An assassination attempt by a riled-up American racist has confined him to a wheelchair since 1978.

But the parallels between HUSTLER and the creative minds at *Charlie Hebdo* are even clearer when one harkens back to a seminal U.S. Supreme Court decision. In 1988 the justices—primarily appointed by Republican Presidents—unanimously sided with Flynt in rejecting a lawsuit brought against him and HUSTLER by Reverend Jerry Falwell. It is the landmark judicial defense of parody.

Director Miloš Forman brilliantly dramatized that case in his 1996 biopic *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. If you haven't seen it yet, you should without delay. Woody Harrelson plays Flynt better than Larry does. But seriously, the film is a tribute to Larry Flynt's courage, resolve and greatest triumph: The highest court in the land ruled that even a far-fetched HUSTLER parody ad asserting that a high-profile Christian clergyman had his first sexual experience in an outhouse with his mother is Constitutionally protected speech.

"The freedom to speak one's mind," Chief Justice William Rehnquist wrote, "is not only an aspect of individual liberty…but also is essential to the common quest for truth and the vitality of society as a whole."

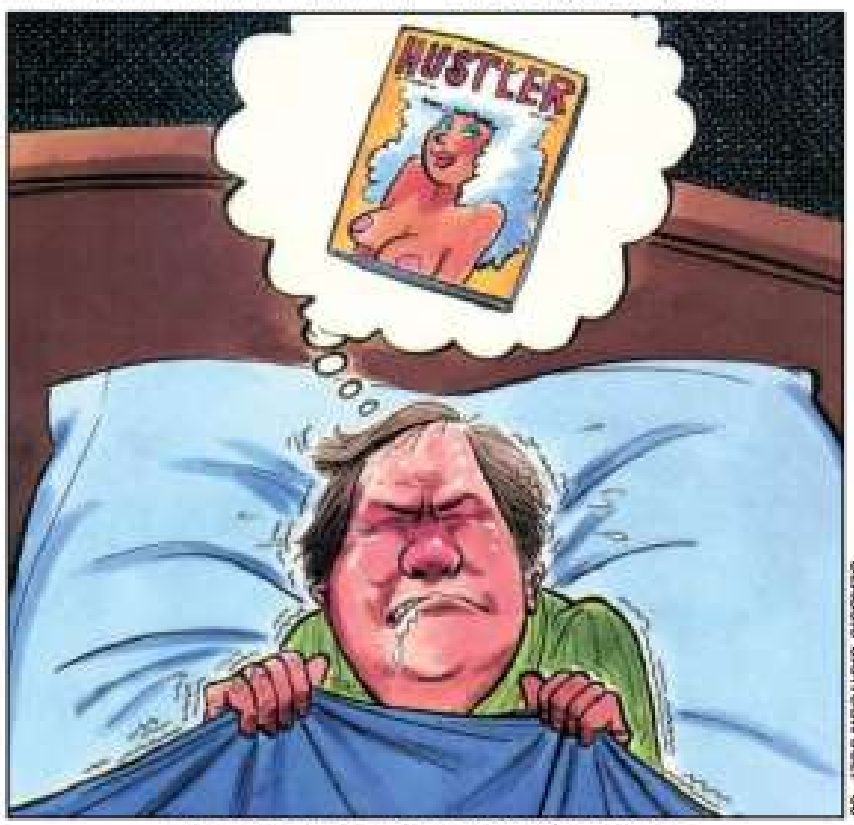
What made the court's decision so significant was extending Constitutional protection to the expression of ideas outside the norm, embracing ideas that others, particularly the public figures who have traditionally been skewered by the exaggerated imagery of cartoons, find repulsive. Rehnquist went on to say, "The 'breathing space' that freedom of expression requires in order to flourish must tolerate occasional false statements, lest there be an intolerable chilling effect on speech that does have Constitutional protection."

Parody, by definition, admits to being false or at least exaggerated, as well as mocking and calculated, to offend generally powerful public officials. But as the court concluded, that is why such expression should be protected: "The appeal of the political cartoon or caricature is often based on exploitation of unfortunate physical traits or politically embarrassing events—an exploitation often calculated to injure the feelings of the subject of the portrayal….From the viewpoint of history, it is clear that our political discourse would have been considerably poorer without them."

The U.S. Supreme Court vastly expanded the boundaries of Constitutionally protected speech to views that some might consider "outrageous." It held that bowing to those offended, as was Jerry Falwell, "runs afoul of our longstanding refusal to allow damages to be awarded because the speech in question may have an adverse emotional impact on the audience."

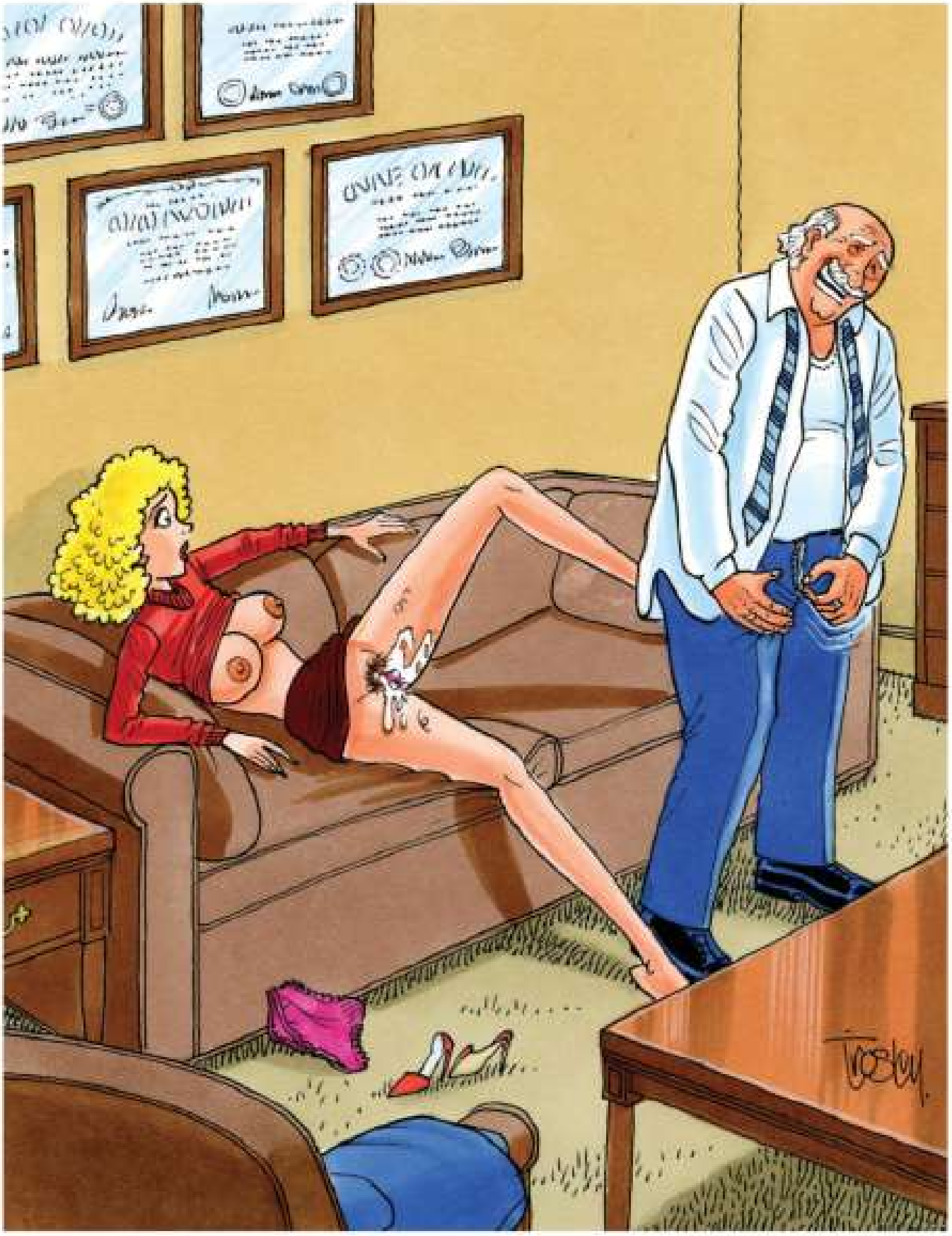
The cartoons in HUSTLER are outrageous to some, just like the ones in *Charlie Hebdo*. But in a healthy society, outrage should provoke debate, not end it. Ruthlessly disregarding that notion were the gunman who nearly took Larry Flynt's life and the jihadists who slaughtered the remarkably brave cartoonists and journalists in Paris.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy*.



CLASSIC CARTOON JULY '88

JERRY FALWELL'S WORST NIGHTMARE



"Are you kidding me? You want to have an orgasm too?! C'mon, honey... you knew I was a Republican when you met me at the bar!"

JUDGE DREADFUL

DOMESTIC ABUSE HAS A NEW POSTER BOY, BUT HE DOESN'T PLAY IN THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

In June 2007, after sentencing Alabama's former Governor Don Siegelman to more than seven years behind bars, U.S. District Court Judge Mark E. Fuller ordered the popular Democrat shackled and immediately shuffled off to a federal prison. The appeals process hadn't even begun, much less ended. Siegelman received no personal enrichment for his supposed "crime," which 113 bipartisan former state attorneys general say had never been illegal until Siegelman was convicted of it.

The charges were related to bribery—of a sort—after a businessman gave money to a Siegelman-supported campaign to create a lottery to fund education in Alabama. In exchange, prosecutors claimed, the governor appointed the donor to a nonpaying seat on a state hospital board. But the man didn't even want it. He'd already spent years on the board under previous governors, Republican and Democratic alike.

Nonetheless, Fuller—a George W. Bush appointee—showed no mercy. Why should he? He had been a political rival of Siegelman dating back to when Fuller headed the Alabama GOP as a client of notorious Bush operative Karl Rove. Rather than recuse himself from the Siegelman case, Fuller saw no problem with his grudges against the man whose fate he held in his hands.

Shortly before Christmas 2014, Siegelman was again shackled after being treated to a ridiculously circuitous ten-day journey from a correctional institution in Louisiana to a federal courtroom in Montgomery, Alabama, just 450 miles away. Siegelman was finally able to argue for a new trial, but only because all of Fuller's ongoing cases were reassigned following his wife's accusations that he'd assaulted her at a hotel in Atlanta last August.

"Please help me!" Kelli Fuller desperately cried to a 911 operator amid audible smacking sounds. "He's beating on me!"

According to Atlanta police, officers found Judge Fuller on the bed, the room smelling of alcohol, blood in the bathroom, cuts on Mrs. Fuller's face and hair on the floor. She said her husband became angry after she'd confronted him about her suspicion he was having an affair with a law clerk. Judge Fuller was arrested on misdemeanor battery charges.

Unlike the Siegelman case, this wasn't a political prosecution. A state judge, who believed the matter was a first-time offense, granted a pretrial diversion deal. Fuller was required to undergo a drug-and-alcohol assessment and attend once-a-week domestic abuse counseling for 24 weeks. Once these were completed, the charges would be expunged—as if nothing had ever happened.

Evidence suggests this wasn't the first time Fuller had allegedly assaulted a spouse. Seeking a divorce in 2012, Fuller's first wife accused him of having a prolonged affair with his bailiff (and future wife), Kelli Gregg. She also requested admission that he had "hit, kicked, struck or otherwise physically abused" both her and their children. However, the court documents were sealed after the couple agreed to a secret settlement. Consequently, the state judge in Atlanta let Fuller off the hook with a slap on the wrist.

Despite police testimony and the horrifying 911 call, Fuller's attorney claimed, "There was not a beating, kicking or stepping in this instance." And he dismissed the abuse allegations of Fuller's first wife as "nonsense" and "gossip."

Unless Fuller resigns, the only way to remove him from his lifetime appointment to the federal bench is impeachment by Congress. But for weeks after Fuller's arrest, that didn't seem to be in the cards. Then the video of NFL running back Ray Rice knocking his then-fiancée out in a casino elevator surfaced. At long last, domestic abuse was a hot-button topic nationwide.

Even so, members of Congress said little, if anything, about a federal judge who, by all available accounts, may have been even more brutal than Rice. But there was no video evidence, only Kelli Fuller's chilling call to 911.

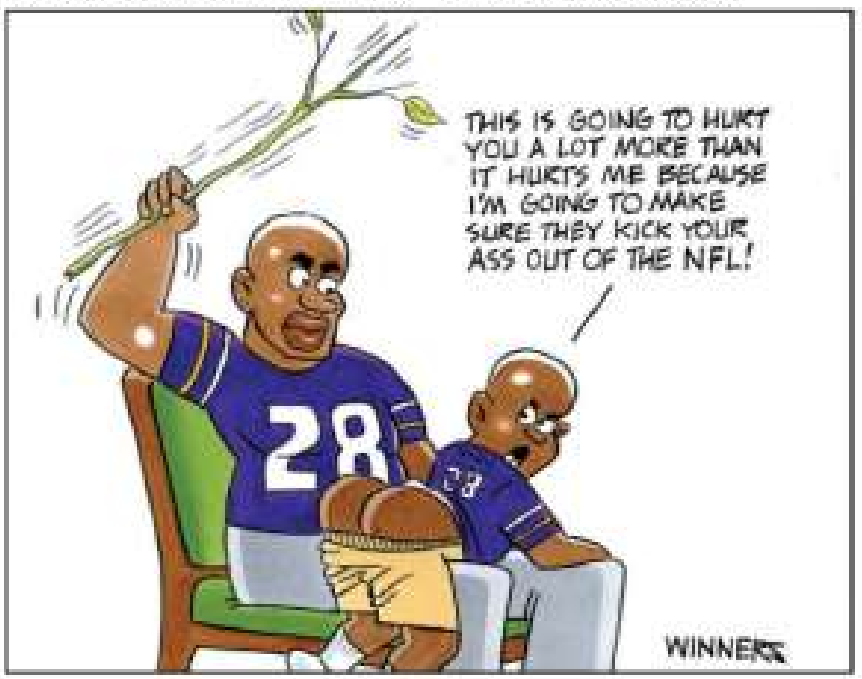
Finally, as the comparisons to the Rice case became too much for Capitol Hill to ignore, some lawmakers spoke up. Alabama's sole Democrat in Congress has asked the U.S. House Judiciary Committee to initiate impeachment proceedings against Fuller, while the rest of the state's delegation has called on him to resign.

Siegelman is still languishing in a federal prison. He was never accused of hurting anyone and never benefited by even one dime from the "crime" his political rivals drummed up.

On the other hand, Fuller—a federal judge with a record of violence against women—remains a free man. Unless Congressional Democrats and Republicans can agree that wife-beating should disqualify someone from sitting in judgment of others, Fuller will continue to collect his $200,000 annual salary from taxpayers for the rest of his life.

This nation is run by the rule of law, we are told, not by the rule of men. In light of Democrat Don Siegelman's nightmarish ordeal, as compared to the soft-pedaling of Republican Mark Fuller's courtroom and personal behavior, nothing could be further from the truth. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles–based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).


THIS IS GOING TO HURT YOU A LOT MORE THAN IT HURTS ME BECAUSE I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THEY KICK YOUR ASS OUT OF THE NFL!
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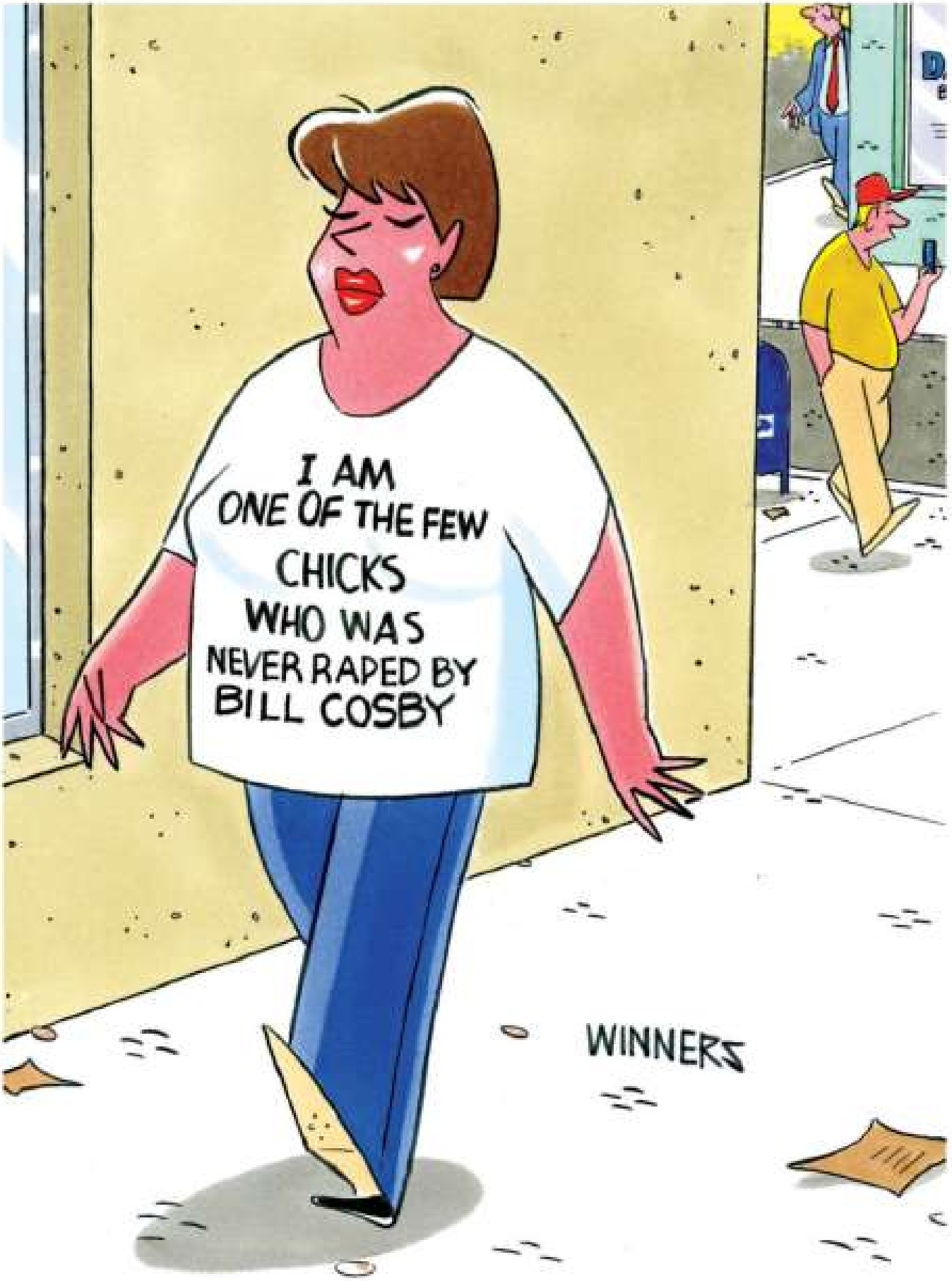
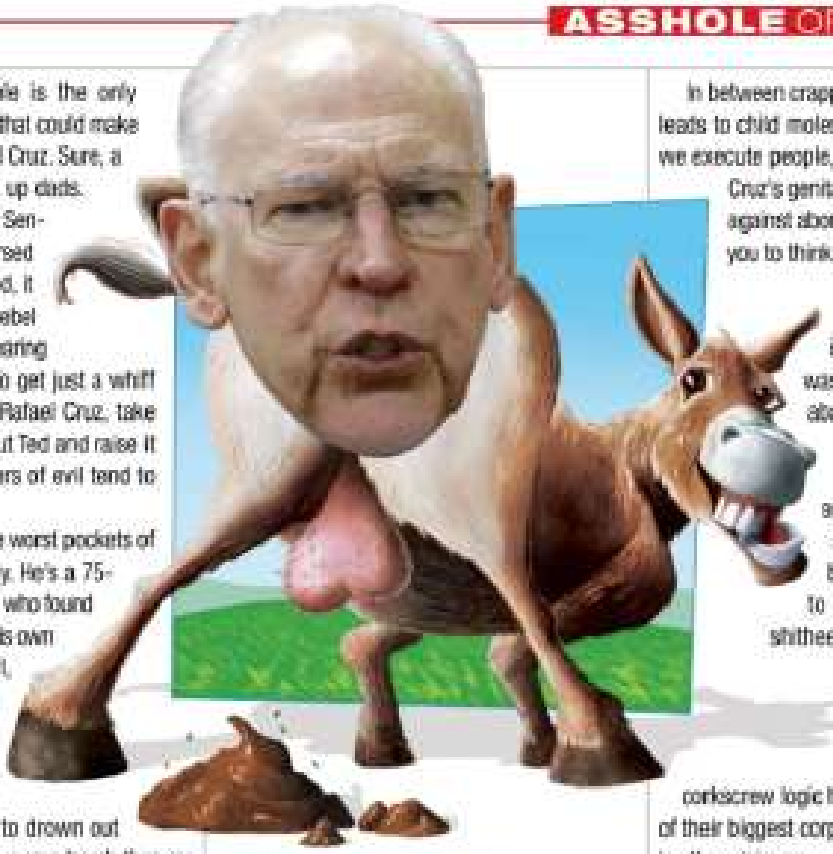
WINNERS


I AM
ONE OF THE FEW
CHICKS
WHO WAS
NEVER RAPED BY
BILL COSBY
WINNERS



RAFAEL CRUZ

This month's asshole is the only thing on this planet that could make us feel sorry for Ted Cruz. Sure, a lot of people have fucked up dads. But the Tea Partying U.S. Senator from Texas was cursed with one so deeply twisted, it snuffed out his spirit to rebel much like an abortionist tearing a fetus from the womb. To get just a whiff of the old fart known as Rafael Cruz, take everything you know about Ted and raise it to the tenth power. Flowers of evil tend to thrive in piles of shit.

Cruz Sr. exemplifies the worst pockets of rot in the Republican party. He's a 75-year-old oil-industry whore who found Jesus and molded him in his own senile image: as a hateful, intolerant control freak. The flag-waver struts around like a typical anti-Communist Cuban immigrant. But a lot of that noise is to drown out the fact that at age 14 he was a bomb thrower for Fidel Castro, trying to kill the same kind of corporate lapdogs he now loyally rimjobs. When things got too hot, he turned tail on his comrades, and a friend allegedly bribed his way into the U.S. by securing an exit permit from Cuba. One of the best things about Obama's recent executive move to rehab relations with Cuba is that it stands a good chance of making Rafael Cruz burst a blood vessel.

What ties the 180-degree spins of this hypocrite's life together? He was a radical in Cuba, then became a pulpit-pounding fundamentalist, then joined the free-market "government-is-wicked" camp. Well, none of these ideologies embrace practical compromise and common sense. The idea is to bend reality to abstract principles and resort to tantrums when it doesn't work. America, you see, is a done deal and no longer needs to evolve or develop like a living thing. Rafael hates change so much, the weather annoys him, so he's a mall rat. "Inside the mall, the weather never changes," he once said.

Fringe fanatics like Cruz are useful to the right-wing operatives. They let Cruz spout his sewage to see how much of his crazy shit will stick to the wall. Whatever sticks, they scrape off and use. At the top of their list is always that magical thing that helps us sell a crapload of magazines. You guessed it. Pastor Cruz is more obsessed with what people are doing with their genitals than Larry Flynt is. Take it from us, that's pretty fucking obsessed. The old coot especially likes letting images of gay and transgender copulation cavort back and forth across his decaying corpus callosum like a pride parade from Sodom to Gomorrah. Since his shriveled junk has no physical memory of an erection, all that stimulation angrily backfires.

When the town of Plano, Texas, passed an ordinance banning discrimination against people who aren't as straight as Tom Cruise in a parallel universe, Cruz couldn't get his truss on fast enough to run out and call it a wicked plot. He trotted out the half-baked idea that the law was aimed at stopping him from damning all types of innovative fucking. That was a lie, of course. He can go on preaching whatever he wants; he just can't stop gays, bisexuals and transgenders from having rights too, the most precious of which is to point at him and laugh.

Like a demented Ricky Ricardo in a nursing home, Cruz can be seen on YouTube doddering around in front of his shuffleboard cohorts, raving in his Cuban accent about immoral youngsters doing things he can't do anymore. They're "legislating their immorality and they are cramming it down our throats," he croaks. The irony of his word choices is lost on the humorless old shitbag, of course, but YouTube commenters are always happy to make up for that.

In between crapping out claims, like atheism leads to child molesting and God loves it when we execute people, a predictable outgrowth of Cruz's genital obsession is his campaign against abortion. Pro-life preachers want you to think they care about babies and souls and so on, but don't be fooled. If antiabortionists really believed every life was precious, they wouldn't abandon it when it was time to put food in its mouth, would give it medical care, make sure it has a roof over its head and—not least—keep it from being abused and condemned to being a lifelong asshole by shitheel parents. Look what happened to Ted Cruz!

The GOP is also watching elder Cruz to see what new piece of corkscrew logic he can come up with for one of their biggest corporate suckoff issues: keeping the minimum wage at starvation level. Racist Rafael—who is actually foreign-born and once called for America "to send Barack Obama back to Kenya."—did not disappoint. The "average black" doesn't get that "if we increase the minimum wage, black unemployment will skyrocket," he said. Yeah, so you blacks just be happy with the crumbs from the table, or you won't even get those. He'll tell you what's causing the poverty epidemic in this country: poor people!

Cruz's crumbling psyche shows him a "liberal media" enacting "an evil agenda" to "confiscate our fortunes" and "destroy what this country is all about" (mostly by allowing same-sexers to fuck each other in holy matrimony). At the same time, he extols an even more insidious conspiracy called Christian dominionism. Cruz preaches that in the end times (that never seem to get here), ultra-Christians will be anointed "God's bankers" and will "accomplish the transfer of wealth" to them so Jesus can come back. That's what America is all about!

It's about 45 years too late to stop Rafael from cursing the country by spurting his seed into a sadly desperate or just very gullible woman named Eleanor. (We figure he told her he was Ricardo Montalbán.) But we can, like good Christians, pray that God in his mercy lets Cruz finally go to that dominion in the sky, where he can eternally wrestle with old butt buddy Castro in a pool of good old Texas crude. Here at HUSTLER, we want even our bitterest enemies to finally find peace. H

CLEATS & CLEAVAGE

Bombshell Ava Fiore has a lot of fight in her—literally. A 2002 Golden Gloves champion boxer, Fiore paid for her pilot license by participating in illegal street fights and last made headlines in 2008, when she was pulled over by Nebraskan state troopers and found with nearly 60 pounds of marijuana. Today she makes money hand over fist as a sports commentator on **cleatsandcleavage.com**. Despite the gimmicks, which we love—there's Muff Mondays and Whipped Cream Wednesdays, as well as her patented tit-jiggle "Ciao"—Fiore is one of the best-informed sports reporters on the scene. No joke! Her analysis and predictions will keep you returning to her site again and again, as if you needed a reason... Put her in, Coach!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID M. JONES AND COURTESY CLEATSANDCLEAVAGE.COM

"Nobody in football should be called a genius. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein." —JOE THEISMANN, FORMER NFL QUARTERBACK (FUN FACT: NORMAN EINSTEIN WAS VALEDICTORIAN AT THEISMANN'S HIGH SCHOOL)

WHAT WOULD LILY JAMES LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

With her *Town & Country* looks and manor-born manners, this *Downton Abbey* beauty calls being cast as Disney's new Cinderella "a dream come true." Unfortunately, fairy godmothers and little glass slippers don't do much for the rest of us. Still, so long as she's already down on her knees, scrubbing floors for her stepsisters, maybe she could open that aristocratic mouth of hers. After all, Ms. James, nothing says happily ever after like a mouthful of cum.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Lily James actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

Extolling the virtues of bed rest, Sharon models the latest in floral-print bedspreads; her come-hither tits have a far more timeless appeal. Thanks to TJ, of Green Valley, Arizona, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Gosh, Liz, I know if I've seen one pussy, I've seen them all, but I still want to see them all."

"A man might forget where he parks or where he lives, but he never forgets oral sex, no matter how bad it is."—BARBARA BUSH, FORMER FIRST LADY

PHOTOS BY DAVID KEMP/DAVIDKPHOTO.COM

NAKED WORLD

There's no place where the sun don't shine at Nudes-a-Poppin', the largest and longest-running nude beauty pageant. Presided over by host Ron Jeremy, the event is a once-a-year opportunity for amateur and professional photographers to bring their cameras into the legendary Pondomsa Sun Club, a nudist resort in Roselawn, Indiana. Models, strippers and nude performance artists strip down to the flowers in their hair, posing, spreading and smiling as they compete for prizes from dawn til dusk and beyond. Rain or shine, these crowd-pleasing hotties know how to get into the spirit of summer.

This year's fleshorama is slated for July 18 and 19. For more info on how to attend or compete, visit **Nudes-a-Poppin.com**. And don't forget your camera!

"Being naked approaches being revolutionary; going barefoot is mere populism." —JOHN UPDIKE, AUTHOR

CELESTE ROSE

KOYOTEE J VON DIVA

NICKI MONROE

VEGAS

SIMONE DANALUSTROUS

ALEXIATOPOLIS

"Onstage nudity is disgusting... But if I were 22 with a great body, it would be artistic, tasteful, patriotic and a progressive religious experience." — SHELLEY WINTERS, ACTRESS

Sinsational

I was reading the March '15 issue of HUSTLER Magazine featuring two sensational women: Aubrey Addams [*The Natural*] and Alina Long [*Steamy*]. I want to see more of them in the future. **—Malcolm Pride**
Knoxville, Tennessee

Ode to Alina

Alina Long is a sultry, extremely steamy woman. I am not a juvenile so I'm not going to write a pornographic letter about her. Contrarily, I want to document my appreciation of her sublime beauty and charms. I love the thin, angular symmetry of her enticing face. Her long, thin nose is something I wouldn't mind one bit gently biting the tip of while kissing her great-looking face. Her piercing brown eyes and that shoulder-length, dirty blond hair just drive a man crazy.

I especially am attracted to her 36B bustline of her 35-23-34 figure. Her titties are suckable, with long erect nipples turning me on. The fact that Alina is 5-9 is perfect for a man like me (6-0) to stand next to and dance with. She has long, beautiful legs, perfectly proportioned all of the way down to her well-pedicured feet, which, by the way, I wouldn't mind making love to with my mouth and tongue.

Alina's ass is luscious, and I want to get both my dick and tongue inside her asshole. Her beautiful pussy is something I would spend some time exploring with my tongue. Her clit ring is enticing, pointing to a lickable spot while I put a finger in and out of her pink pussy. Alina, will you be my wife?

—Joseph Vito Vinciguerra
Hanover Township, Pennsylvania

Orgy Girls

The March '15 issue had so many hot ladies in it. Ellena Woods [*Joy Ride*], Abby Lee Brazil [*Maravilhosa!*], the sexy Chanel Preston [*Stroke of Genius*] and Alina Long drove me crazy. The section with my favorite adult star (April O'Neil) called *Comic-Cunts* brought back a lot of memories from past shows I grew up on. There was a Batman porn movie called *Dickman and Throbbin* with Tom Byron that was real good back in the day.

The main reason I'm writing is Jade in the *Beaver Hunt* section. I have 12 friends who, along with myself, would love to fulfill her gangbang fantasy. She says she's 47 but she looks 27. Great legs, ass, tits, a hungry-looking pussy and a cute face that would look real hot with tons of cum dripping off of it. I wonder if she would squirt while being DPed and face-fucked at the same time. Kim Nice is also a hot little lady. I know a few women who would like to feel her warm, wet tongue while I'm filling her pussy or ass. Every issue is amazing! I'm in great shape and my cock is in great shape because of HUSTLER and *Beaver Hunt* ladies!

—Shawn K. Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

Richard, ask the question properly: "Miss Osborne, may I take a shit?"

Alina Long steamed up our March '15 issue.

Dicking Around

You should have Kim Jong-Un with a dick in his fucking mouth or the Sony heads or all of the above.

—J.W.
Bellingham, Washington

Power of Porn

I saw the headline that HUSTLER is going to make a porn parody about *The Interview* and those North Korean dictatorial douchebags because the cowardly Sony corporation didn't stand up to 'em. Right on, Larry, and right on, HUSTLER, for having the balls to do such hilarious and socially redeeming (yet controversial) shit! It's about time to show every motherfucker in the world the true power of pornos. It's things like this that keep my star-spangled ass subscribing to HUSTLER.

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Real Deal

I just bought *HUSTLER XXX* with the DVD. I liked the DVD. I loved the *Girls*

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Swedish erotica. Larry, can you tell me anything about my famous biological father Johnny Keys, Hall of Fame Super Stud? Even though it's just his stage of porno actor name. Please help me, Larry. Anything.

—Roosevelt Hoover
Highland, California

parody. That little girl with the round little body was so cute. It's nice to see an actress with a real body. Thanks for the parody.

—A. Beltrain
Chicago, Illinois

Class Ass

I just read the December '14 issue, and I would like to say HUSTLER has steadily published prettier and prettier girls over the years. Classy. Suggestions: Why not do a pictorial and story on Stoya, Brie Bella and AJ Lee from *WWE SmackDown*? AJ is so hot. So is Stoya.

—David F. Lee
New Castle, Delaware

Great idea about the WWE Divas, David! And we actually did a feature on Stoya in the March '14 issue called *Stoya Does the Subway*. Check it out on HUSTLER Magazine.com!

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLERMAIL@com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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MAYA
GRAND
HOT DISH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL

I love swimming, biking and fucking, anything that mixes exercise and fun. I have sex practically every day, but morning sex is my favorite, especially doggy. Cooking is a passion too—it's all about the ingredients. Right now I'm saving up for pâtisserie classes at Le Cordon Bleu. Saving up by modeling and performing. My best scenes are always blowjobs. See, it's all about the ingredients: spit, suction, spit, stroking, spit…"

MAYA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Minneapolis, Minnesota** | AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **32C-28-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@MayaGrandXXX**

CURTIS ARMSTRONG

KING OF THE NERDS

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

He's the hapless principal on *New Girl*, the evil scientist on *Supernatural*, the voice of misfit teen Snot on *American Dad* and the host of TBS's top-rated reality show *King of the Nerds*. Curtis Armstrong is the definition of *working actor*. But though he's appeared in over 50 films and TV shows, most people know him as Booger, the gross-out Lambda Lambda Lambda hero from *Revenge of the Nerds*. HUSTLER caught up with the actor to discuss his four decades in show business—sharing girls with Tom Cruise, seeing Daryl Hannah naked, working with Zooey Deschanel—and to discern the true difference between *nerd* and *geek*.

HUSTLER: Have you heard of our magazine?
CURTIS ARMSTRONG: I've heard rumor of it. [*Laughs.*] Not a publication that would usually have me on their radar. It's great. Thank you.

Do you remember the first time you read HUSTLER?
To be honest, I was a book nerd. When I was a kid, if I needed to whack off, I didn't have access to magazines, so I would buy stuff like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. My way around getting caught was I would say, "It's a classic." There were pages that were particularly hot. It was easier to deal with back then than trying to find porn.

Do you remember your first time?
I remember the first time I went to buy condoms. It was when I was in Kalamazoo, when I was still in college. It was late. I built up to the moment. I was walking back and forth in front of the store because I wanted to make sure I was casual about it, this was something I did all the time. I walked up to the counter and got a toothbrush and other things, made a pile. Said to the pharmacist, "Oh, while I'm at it, let me have a box of condoms." He said, "Okay." And I added, "Medium." He looked at me and said, "One size fits all, pal!" Sex is so different now. It's like another planet.

You seem busier than ever these days. What's working with Zooey Deschanel on *New Girl* like?
Working with Zooey is exciting. She is so fast and so funny. I come in with the script memorized, but the minute we start filming, it changes. I never quite know what she's going to say, and I am constantly on my toes trying to keep up with her. She's pretty much a perfect person to do that kind of material with. Confident, really knows what she wants and knows where to draw the line. If something really doesn't feel right to her, she won't do it, and she'll have a reason.

Is she as nutty in person as she is onscreen?
She's a professional, playing a part. She is no more Jess than I am the principal.

How did you land the role of Snot on *American Dad*?
I got the role of Snot because Seth MacFarlane was, I think, a fan of *Revenge of the Nerds*, and he wrote this part with me in mind. I didn't read or audition for it. It was an offer in the first season. It has been a great experience. They usually do one really nice Snot story a season. Like the "Indie Movie" episode, which, strangely enough, also featured Zooey. So we were actually doing two different shows simultaneously, though neither of us knew the other was doing it at the time. I never record *American Dad* with the other actors and only do the table reads when Snot has a large role.

Is animation voice-over work the easiest job ever?
The fun part about working on the show? Sitting in the studio on recording day with the famous people who guest on the show. It's always a surprise. I walked in one day last season, and Carrie Fisher and Jennifer Tilly were both there. I got all excited.

Your character on *Supernatural* is a bit of a departure for you.
It is sort of a dramatic turn, though it's not like [Eugene] O'Neill dramatic. Not broad comedy of the type I'm known for, but at the same time, Metatron is funny, I think. He's written gorgeously. Not just lines or jokes, but great language. I don't often get the chance to indulge in that kind of language much. There is no real change in method though. Acting is acting. But what a luxury to work on *New Girl* one week and then *Supernatural* the next. It really requires different sets of muscles, in a way, but it's all just acting. Both of these shows have been so fun because they are so different, and each gives me an opportunity to do drastically different characters. It is really a luxury.

What is the most supernatural thing you've seen in real life?
That would be the ghost who lives in my house. An old woman—Mrs. Eustace was her name—who lived there for many years. When my daughter was young, we would see her quite often. Now that my daughter is grown and moved away, we don't see her as often, though my wife saw her just last week, passing by us in the hall plain as day.

How did your hit reality show *King of the Nerds* come about?
Robert [Carradine] and I have been in touch every once in a while. We hadn't worked together on film or TV since the last *Nerds* movie. We are character guys who work whenever the work comes up. Not usually big A-list movies. So we have been able to make a good living. About nine years ago we got together. We got to talking about, "Wouldn't it be good to do something else." At the time the reality TV show boom was going, and Robert came up with the idea of us developing a reality show based on *Revenge of the Nerds*. A nerd reality show. We spent a couple afternoons kicking around ideas. Then we got in touch with a company that does a lot of reality shows. They said, "I'll tell you what: We'll give you a flat >>

'Oh, while I'm at it, let me have a box of condoms.' He said, 'Okay.' And I added, 'Medium.' He looked at me and said, 'One size fits all, pal!' Sex is so different now.

IT'S LIKE ANOTHER PLANET.

fee of $20,000 to split between the two of you." We just said, "Um, no." We then went back to our lives and our acting gigs. Then four years ago Robert called and said, "I think we should try to pitch this again because maybe now someone would be more conducive to it." We went out and pitched it again, and the first place we went to, 5by5 media, said, "We want this." We developed with them. We proposed it to two different networks, and TBS was the winner. They seemed to get it. And everything they've done since has proven they were the right place to go.

What is the difference between a nerd and a geek?
I always thought they were interchangeable. The nerds on our first season of the show had this debate a lot. What I was told was *nerd* is a general term for somebody with these kinds of tastes and habits. A *geek* tends to be more specific. You can be a *Star Trek* geek, not a *Star Trek* nerd. Somebody with a specific interest in a certain area. You're a science geek, but you wouldn't be a science nerd.

Are you the true King of the Nerds?
No. I was a nerd. But I was more a nerd in the awkward sense. I was a book nerd. *Sherlock Holmes*. I remain devoted to the study of the original books. Book nerd in general. But I was a *Sherlock Holmes* geek. I wasn't into comic books. I wasn't into computers. I was terrible with science and math. Part of me is serious nerd. But if I were a contestant on the show, I would be eliminated so fast.

When I say to people, "I'm interviewing Curtis Armstrong," most of them don't know quite where to place the name. Then I say one word, and they know you instantly. That word is...
Asshole. [*Laughs.*]

The one word is *Booger*. Does it bother you that three decades after *Revenge of the Nerds*, people still know you as Booger?
Not at all. Last year I came back from San Francisco, where the cast was at Sketchfest for a 30th anniversary screening of *Revenge of the Nerds*. It was so wonderful for us to be together. Since we did that first movie in 1984, we have remained amazingly tight. We don't see each other all the time. It just is wonderfully fun to be with those people. It reminds me that what led me to then go do the second film and the two television movies had progressively less to do with quality of the material and more to do with the fact that I got to hang out with my friends. That is part of why it doesn't bother me that people remember me as Booger.

You were in the worst film ever, *The Clan of the Cave Bear*. Did you know it was bad when you were making it?
No. The script we signed on to do was written by John Sayles. Based on a best-selling novel. Daryl [Hannah] had just done *Splash*. There was a good budget on it. We were going up the Yukon to film. Enormous preparation. We started in early May in Los Angeles and then went up to Vancouver to train for a month. It was an unforgettable experience. That's the thing about bad movies: Sometimes how the movie turns out is secondary to the experience you have while making it.

KING OF THE NERDS PHOTOS COURTESY TBS
ALL OTHER PHOTOS COURTESY CURTIS ARMSTRONG

What kind of training?
There were 20 of us in *The Clan*, and every day you would go to the studio. We had a survival expert who would show up every day in clothes which he had made himself from animals he had killed. He taught us how to make stone tools. One day we took our tools and went outside, where they dragged this entire dead cow to the back of the studio. Our job that morning was to use our stone tools to skin the cow, completely disembowel it and then get the stomach, build a fire by rubbing sticks and then make soup in the stomach of the cow.

Was that the point where you said, "I'm an actor. Why the hell are we doing this?"
Yes and no. The thing is, everybody was so taken with this experience. We thought we were doing something extraordinary. Turns out it was *interesting*.

The days with sex scenes and nudity had to be better than making cow stomach soup?
Yeah. Then they debated over whether or not there would be nudity. Then just nudity for the European version. So we reshot a bunch of scenes with the women all topless. Lots of sex scenes.

Were you there when Daryl Hannah got naked?
Just once, but it was very discreet during the big ritual scene where all the women had to have their tops off and Daryl was involved. That was the only time she was involved in something where nudity was required. And it was so discreetly done as to be almost invisible.

When you look back on your career, is *The Clan of the Cave Bear* the film you regret?
Not at all. Bad film. Good experience.

Speaking of good experiences, after you got famous in *Risky Business* and *Revenge of the Nerds*, did you get girls?
I was 30 when I made *Risky Business*. I was married already. So that whole period had already gone.

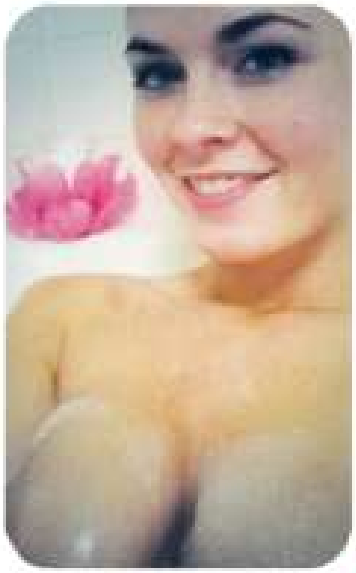
Ever have a crazy fan go to great lengths to meet you?
To meet me? [*Laughs.*] No. Never. I can say, without even thinking about it, that never happened to me. I've heard about this happening to people. But with my work? *Revenge of the Nerds*? How many women are really going to go, "I want Booger"?

When filming *Risky Business*, did Tom Cruise ever hit on you on set?
[*Laughs.*] That is so much bullshit. He had women lined up outside of his door. Lined up.

Did he share his castoffs?
Oh, I had women calling my room. On a regular basis. But it was to ask where Tom was.

MEMPHIS MONROE
CRIME PAYS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT
PRODUCTIONS

I fantasize about sex constantly. I always have. I like it hard and rough. It's all about the clit for me, so pay attention to my clit. But thinking that a guy is jacking off to me gets me wet really fast. That and imagining the guy I'm with is fucking someone else. I'll never run out of ideas that get me off."



#selfies

Edited by Kimberly Cheng

Ever wonder if HUSTLER Honeys are just as freaky off-camera as they are on? Well, the answer is, Hell, yes! We stalked our models through the Twitterverse and discovered that Asa Akira loves pearl necklaces, Natalie Storm and Bailey Rayne can't stop bragging about how wet their panties are, and Maddy O'Reilly likes showing off her juicy, twerkable ass. Turns out our luscious ladies love taking selfies! Which is why we made an intern rabidly click refresh every ten minutes for weeks to bring you the very best, hottest triple-X tweets.

Bailey Rayne @TheBaileyRayne · Jan '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
2,632	995	20.4K

@TheBaileyRayne

Anybody want some panties? I'll warn you, they're creamy... 😛

Chanel Preston @ChanelPreston · Feb '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
20.8K	514	112K

@ChanelPreston

No #thongthursday

Ariana Marie @ArianaMariexxx · May '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
11.2K	482	173K

@ArianaMariexxx

Side boob 😉

Natalie Storm @Natalie_Stormxx

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
341	21	3,913

@Natalie_Stormxx · Jan '15 Honey

Was in class and noticed my pussy was extremely soaked ... Must be horny

Jillian Janson @xo.JillianJanson · May '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
11.7K	1,568	6,281

@xoJillianJanson

"Let 'em eat my ass like a cupcake" 😋🤤

Cassidy Banks @CassidyBanksXO · Jan '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
459	105	26.7K

Jessa Rhodes @MissJessaRhodes · Dec '13 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
8,891	348	129K

Maddy O'Reilly @MaddyOreillyxxx · Sept '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
21.4K	1,437	95K

@MaddyOreillyxxx

Pajama party

Luna Star @cutelunastar · Jan '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
25.3K	503	106K

Asa Akira @AsaAkira · Nov '14 Feature

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
6,829	636	564K

@AsaAkira

Fucking is easy. Giving birth is hard.

@cutekunastar

I love when people watch me shower 😉

@AsaAkira

Yah yah Cartier is great but this is my favorite necklace

Missy Martinez @MissyXMartinez · Jan '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
47K	530	385K

Staci Carr @StaciCarrxxx · Dec '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
397	25.3K	2,059

@StaciCarrxxx

It's been a while... LOL

Had enough? We didn't think so. Follow your faves, and check out our Honeys' full-length HUSTLER layouts! Simply call 800-763-8271 x765t or log on to **HustlerMagazine.com**.

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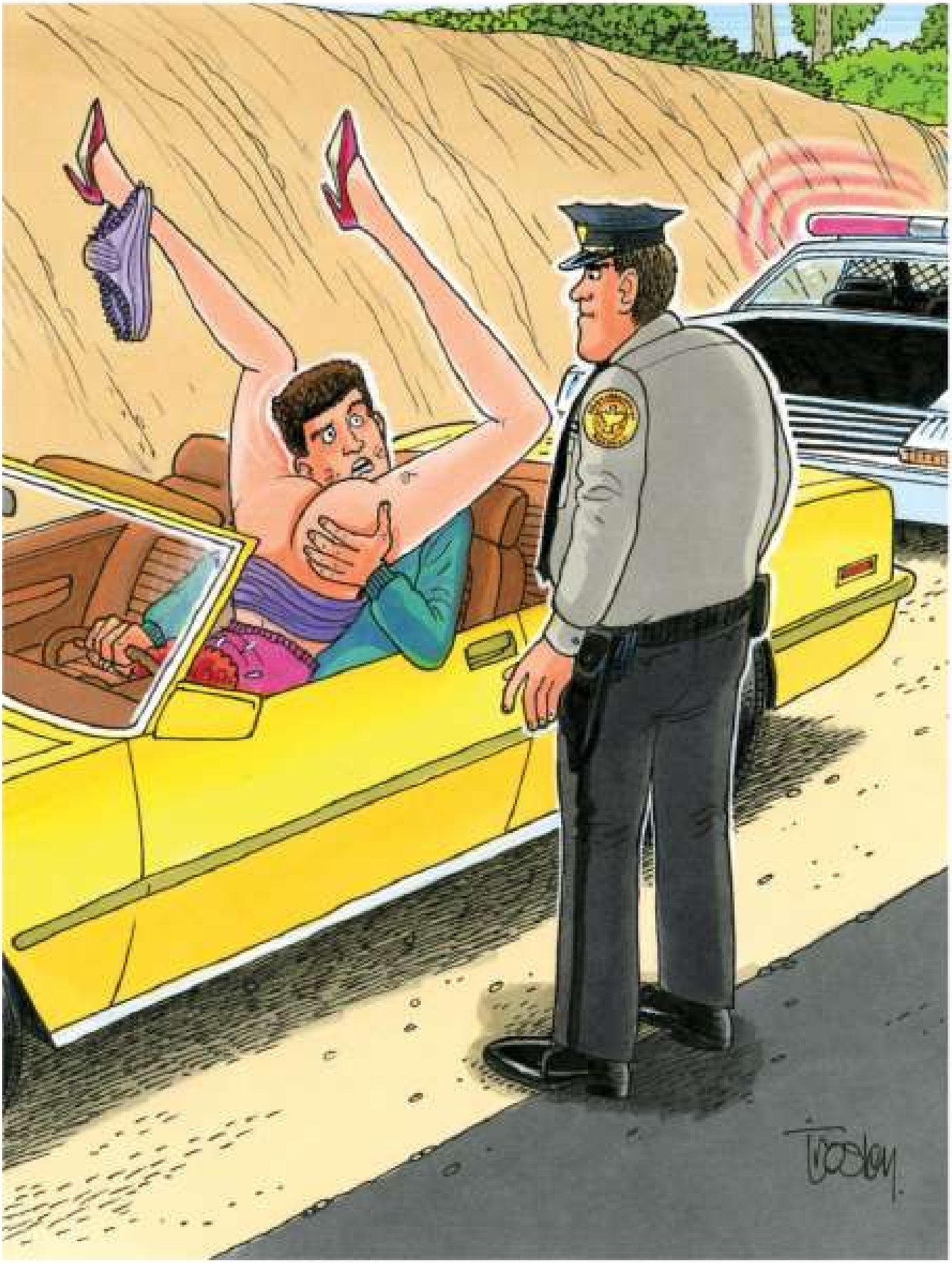

"What's up? I'm not texting..."

SAMANTHA RONE

PINK PARADISE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

Thinking about an older lover dominating me gets me all giddy. I have a passion for rope bondage and rock climbing. I'm sure it has something to do with the ropes. Zombie is my favorite position—I like to lie back and be eaten. My submission is complete and consensual. I also love doggy, having my hips pulled close to someone else's, meshing our bodies together. I was in a poly relationship for a very long time and enjoyed it very much. Feeling the flesh of a man and a woman at the same time is absolutely beautiful. How can you not want to have sex with two attractive people?"

SAMANTHA'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Las Vegas, Nevada | AGE: 20 | HEIGHT: 5-7 | MEASUREMENTS: 32C-25-34
FAVORITE POSITION: Zombie | TWITTER: @SamanthaRone | INSTAGRAM: @BlownByRone

JENNA SATIVA

PICKUP ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

It's easy for me to pick up chicks. I'm not shy. The girls I tend to go for are petite and feminine, with small boobs and big butts, girls that kind of look like me. I have an oral fixation, so I really love nice lips and a pretty smile. I'm always horny. I play with myself every day and hook up with guys and girls—sometimes both at the same time! If I could have any power, I'd choose to control matter. How amazing would it be to hit a G spot with your mind? I'd be giving out orgasms like candy."

JENNA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **22**
HEIGHT: **5-3** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-38**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER/INSTAGRAM: **@JennaSativa**

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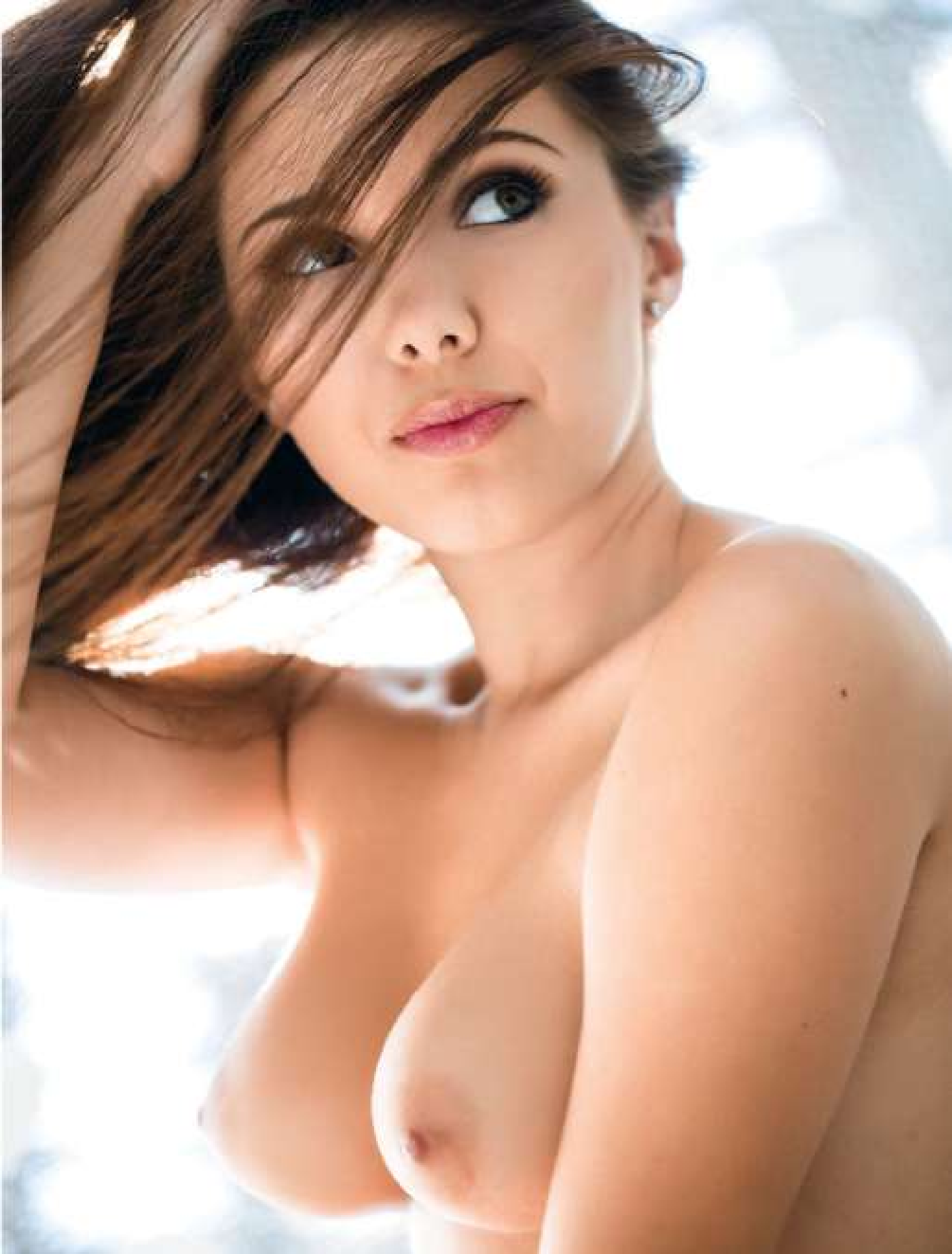


I ONCE KNEW A GIRL NAMED TRIX WHO WAS ADDICTED TO SUCKING BIG DICKS. SHE'D SAY WITH A GRIN AS SHE WIPED OFF HER CHIN, "THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE IT NEEDS SOME MORE LICKS!"

Out shopping with his wife, Morty picked up a case of beer and placed it in their grocery cart.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" asked his wife.

"They're on sale," he shrugged. "Only $10 for 24 cans. It's a bargain."

"Put them back. We can't afford it," insisted his wife.

They continued shopping. A few aisles down the wife picked up a $20 jar of face cream and put it in the cart.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked.

"It's my face cream. It makes me look beautiful," replied the wife.

Removing the offending item from the cart, Morty retorted, "So do 24 cans of beer, and they're half the price!"

Question: How do you save a drowning lawyer?

Answer: Stand back and wait for the lake to fully evaporate.

Harry went to his doctor, only to find that his regular male practioner had been replaced by a stunning female. Harry gawked at her, then felt self-conscious in his paper gown. His new doctor smiled and told him, "There is absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about. I'm a professional. I've seen it all before. Just tell me what's bothering you. Whatever it is, I'll do my best to give you a thorough going over."

Thinking quickly, Harry lifted his gown over his head and announced, "My wife thinks my cock tastes funny!"

Spotting a fantastic-looking older woman sitting at the bar, John thought, *Not bad. I wonder if she has a daughter.* A few minutes later, to his surprise, the woman approached him.

"I couldn't help notice you staring at me," she said. "You wouldn't happen to be interested in a mother-daughter thing, would you?"

Stunned, John stammered, "As a matter of fact, I would be."

"Really?" The dazzling woman smiled. "So that's something you would be interested in?"

"Are you kidding?" John put down his drink and nodded vigorously. "Absolutely! Let's go!"

Looking back over her shoulder, the woman gave the thumbs-up sign and yelled, "Hey, Mom!"

Question: How do they say, "Fuck you" in Washington, D.C.?

Answer: "Trust me."

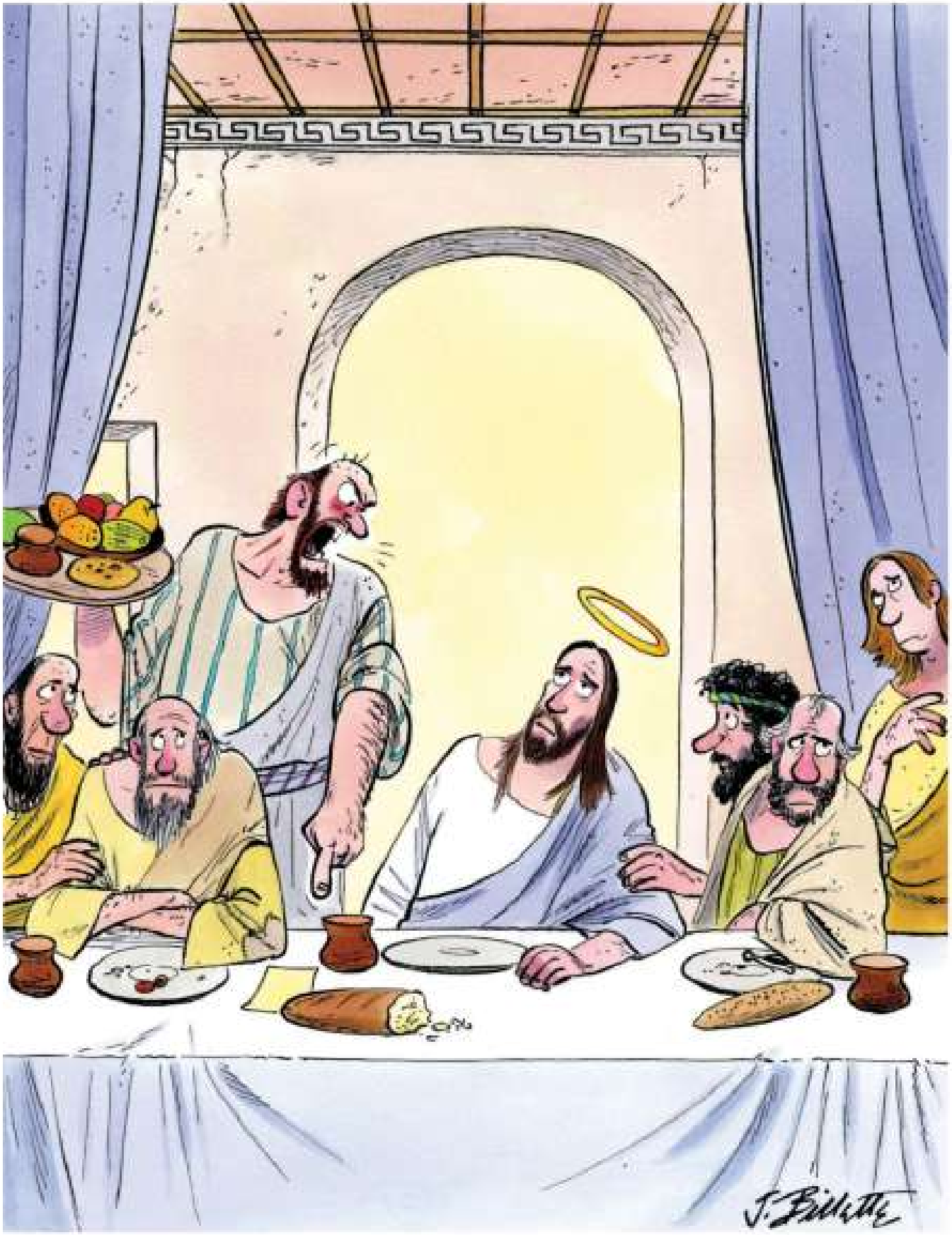
A man came home sporting a new pair of cowboy boots. He anticipated admiring compliments from his wife, but she appeared not to even notice.

That same evening he marched into the bedroom naked except for the fancy footwear. "It's time you paid attention to what my dick is pointing at," he said, striking a pose.

Glancing down at his new boots, she shrugged and muttered, "It's too bad you didn't buy yourself a hat instead."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLERHQLA@com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"She's called a nun, because that's how much dick she's gonna get in her lifetime—none."



"Look, mister, if you don't come up with some cash, this will be your *last supper* in this establishment!"

A HERO for today's workplace, this professional pretender has worked 82 jobs over the past 20 years, from CEO to porn writer to morgue driver. Meet Brandon Christopher, part con artist, part hustler—100% funny—and learn important tips, like: Why just quit when you can take a dump on your boss's brand-new Benz? Hot off the press, enjoy this excerpt.

THE JOB PIRATE

BY BRANDON CHRISTOPHER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HUGH HAMILTON

THE MORTUARY DRIVER: JOB #30

Spending two months in your apartment without a job is a lot like visiting another country without a camera: It's great while you're there but then some time later, when you're back home, you start forgetting about all those good times you had and only vaguely begin to recall those magnificent sights you once saw when watching French films on TV.

My eight-week vacation had burned through all $2,100 that I had saved up. And since I had quit my previous job—or, to be more precise, just walked away from my previous job—I was again unable to get any money from the unemployment department.

I had to look for work yet again, and that next morning I was ready with a fresh pot of Starbucks coffee, the *Daily Variety*, the previous day's *L.A. Times* and my laptop computer. By 10:20, I had already faxed and emailed 11 résumés to various positions that I thought might be of some interest, and called several other companies that I felt more than qualified for.

There were no callbacks by noon. No email replies by the third cup of coffee. Nothing. By 2:45 I was beginning to worry. Had I lost my touch? Was 29 jobs the limit for one person? Was I going to have to borrow money from my parents or, even worse, get a retail job? Too many questions, at least on only three cups of coffee.

By 4 in the afternoon I was frantically emailing every job on four separate employment websites. There had never been this long of a lull before getting some type of reply from a prospective employer. I began adding even more variations to my résumé, equipping myself with working knowledge of almost any position available. By 4:25 I was a qualified landscape technician, an executive assistant, and a script supervisor, an office manager, and finally, a medical billing assistant. Still no calls. Quitting time for the day grew nearer, as did the worry.

Six o'clock did finally arrive, and just before I turned off the computer to pour a glass of cabernet, I noticed the job posting. Glowing in thick black print at the bottom of the *Times*' classifieds section—which I had stolen the day before from Starbucks—read: MORTUARY DRIVER NEEDED. GOOD MONEY. GREAT HOURS.

What luck, I thought to myself. I promptly called the phone number, and the woman on the other side of the receiver set up an interview for me that night.

The way I figured it, I had two kinds of experience in the mortuary-driver field: I was once a limo driver, and I was once arrested for breaking into a cemetery. Although I would omit the latter part of my experience, the limo driver bit would come in real handy. I just had to throw in a few past sales positions and maybe a summer job at a cemetery in, say, Colorado, maybe? No. Phoenix—a summer job grave digging in Phoenix. Perfect.

Traffic was light that evening, and I made it to the small Encino office in 20 minutes flat. I walked up the stairs to the second floor of the stucco building, and inside Suite No. 11 sat Phil, the portly owner of the company, and Cheryl, the portly wife of the owner. They both swung their leather office chairs toward the sofa and asked me to sit.

> "Sometimes when you pick the bodies up, the pressure pushes out the body juices from their nose and mouth, and you don't want to get any of that on you."

"Basically, Brandon, we pick up *expired* bodies and take them to different morgues around Los Angeles," Phil explained very casually. "Now, sometimes these expired bodies are messed up, okay? Sometimes they're decomposed, sometimes they're infants or children, and sometimes they're just parts of bodies, and that's truly the worst. Hands or legs, but you have to remember, they're just empty shells, vacant vessels."

"Hmm," I nodded, tapping my index finger against the cleft in my chin, taking it all in and yet having nothing to say.

"I'm not trying to scare you, all right?" Phil added. "I just want you to know what you're in for. Sometimes when you pick the bodies up, the pressure pushes out the body juices from their nose and mouth, and you don't want to get any of that on you."

"Don't want to get it on me," I repeated to myself.

"Are you a religious man, Brandon?" Cheryl chimed in and asked.

"I was a Catholic when I was a kid, even an altar boy," I replied. "But now, you know, now I read too much to be religious."

They both looked at me with confused expressions. Phil finally nodded his head, "Well, good then. So, you don't believe in ghosts?"

"My Catholic upbringing battles my better judgment, but I've never seen a ghost, so both yes and no on that one," I replied, ambivalence being my trump card in a baited question like that.

Phil and his wife chuckled to one another, and I knew I was in for a ghost story. "I ain't no religious man myself, but I've seen things that would freak even Geraldo Rivera out. This one time, when I was dropping off a body at a mortuary in the early, early a.m., I kept hearing laughter coming from this closed coffin, then something took my keys from my belt and threw them across the floor in front of me! I took a little shit in my pants that day, Brandon."

I wondered if Phil drank heavily. I raised my eyebrows, implying that I was shocked by his story, but I was really more shocked by the Geraldo Rivera reference. >>

"How does this type of job sound to you?" he asked me. "Would you like something like this?"

I didn't *like something like this*, but I liked a roof over my head.

"What's the position pay, Phil?"

"See, that's the tricky part. You get paid per body, around $11. So, let's say you pick up nine or ten bodies a day, you made yourself about a hundred bucks."

The idea of handling ten different corpses a day, every day, just to make a decent living was repulsive to me. I could make cappuccinos for assholes for half a day and make more than this job paid. But there were no cash registers involved with corpses. No customers—no *living* customers—to have to deal with. And I was hungry.

"Sounds real good, Phil."

"Great! Why don't you come in tomorrow morning and we'll get you started. We'll send you out with Matt for the day. He's about your age."

"Terrific." I left the stucco building and drove back home to North Hollywood only to fall asleep early, wake up, and return to the office the next morning at 8:55.

I parked my car in the parking lot just as Matt, my new coworker, pulled up in the confidential, white mortuary van and idled behind me. He rolled the window down and pointed two fingers and a lit cigarette at me.

"You Brandon?" he asked.

"Yeah. Matt, right?"

"Totally," he said and opened the passenger door for me. We shook hands as I crawled inside, and he flicked open his wrinkled cigarette pack at me. I pulled one out and lit it. "Thanks." Matt was about 30, with a moustache and blond hair. A slight mullet crept down his neck. He was the type of guy in high school that would drive his old American car slowly through the parking lot blasting AC/DC.

"All right, dude, our first one is a residential in Hollywood," Matt explained while getting onto the freeway. He then clarified that "residentials" were people that died uneventfully and without criminal motive in their homes, not to mention a good bulk of the business. "You know, like old people and shit," he added.

We pulled off the freeway and backed our van into the driveway of the late Mr. Robert Fuller's house. Matt organized his clipboard and finger-combed his moustache in the rearview mirror before we walked up to the front door.

Before we had a chance to knock, we were greeted by a young woman with red eyes and a cried-out voice. She opened the screen door and escorted us to the master bathroom, where her 70-year-old father, the late Robert Fuller, had collapsed in the middle of the night and died in a fetal position in front of the toilet.

"Why don't you bring the gurney around to the back of the house while I take care of the paperwork," Matt suggested.

After returning to the van, I pushed the gurney around to the back of the house and parked it by the back door. I then walked into the bathroom and pulled the blanket off of the corpse on the floor, and I was quite surprised to see that his eyes were wide open. They seemed to follow me wherever I walked, like an expensive doll's eyes. His mouth was agape, as if he was frightened—as if he had died of fright in the middle of the night.

Matt returned to the bathroom to find me in a trance staring at the deceased. He squatted beside me and pushed Mr. Fuller onto his back, his bent arms and crouched legs moving in one solid motion. I slid the white sheet underneath him—his eyes still following me.

"Using the sheet, we'll lift him and walk him to the gurney on one, two, THREE!" Matt said, and we lifted Mr. Fuller and carried him to the backyard.

The corpse had a serious case of rigor mortis, making it impossible to attach the gurney's safety belts around his crimped arms and knees. The white sheet ballooned out above the gurney as if we were attempting to cover a large tree branch. I suspected what was about to come next but still wasn't prepared.

"We're going to have to straighten him out," Matt explained. "You do the legs and I'll do the arms. Just grab hold of his ankle and push down on the knee."

His cold ankle felt like a thawing turkey breast in my hand. But its knee felt somehow still human—I could feel its skin rubbing against the kneecap whenever I pushed down on it, making it nearly impossible to get a grip. I then pulled on its foot and pushed down on the knee in one powerful swoop, and the sound of old wood breaking erupted from under the sheet. I could actually hear the ligaments snapping in his leg, and my stomach instantly began to turn. My mouth started to salivate, and I knew I was close to vomiting. Thankfully, Matt pushed me aside and straightened the other leg for me.

"The sound was the most frightening part as Mr. Fuller's bald head smashed into the van's bumper and then fell to the cement."

We easily fastened the safety belts around the body this time and wheeled Mr. Fuller to our van in the driveway. "Okay, I want you to slide the gurney into the van, so you know how to do it for next time," Matt instructed. "Remember to pull up on that lever there by your hand when his head reaches the bumper. That'll retract the wheels."

"Sure," I replied, "I can handle this."

Mr. Fuller weighed about 150 pounds, so it was going to need to push the wheeled tray in with some muscle. As I pulled the gurney back then shoved it forward, the daughter of the deceased appeared beside us with two steaming cups of coffee. I was startled by her sudden presence and released the lever too soon. The sound was the most frightening part as Mr. Fuller's bald head smashed into the van's bumper and then fell to the cement with a hollow pumpkin thud. Upon impact with the ground, the white sheet had flown back, and Mr. Fuller's wide-open eyes now watched us all from under the back of the van.

"Oh shit!" I gasped. Matt and I kneeled down and lifted the gurney back onto its wheels and finally into the van.

We both turned around to apologize to the daughter for what had just happened, but all that remained of her was the sound of a distant slamming screen door and two steaming splashes on the driveway where she had spilled both cups of coffee.

After Matt apologized repeatedly to the woman, we delivered Mr. Fuller to a mortuary in Encino and headed back to the main office, at my insistence. Back in front of those leather chairs, I explained to Phil and his wife that there was no way I could go on being a mortuary driver—not even for the rest of the day. That much really just would not work for me. Phil and his wife chuckled. Then he pulled out a pre-written check for $11 from his wallet. "We didn't think you looked much like the mortuary type."

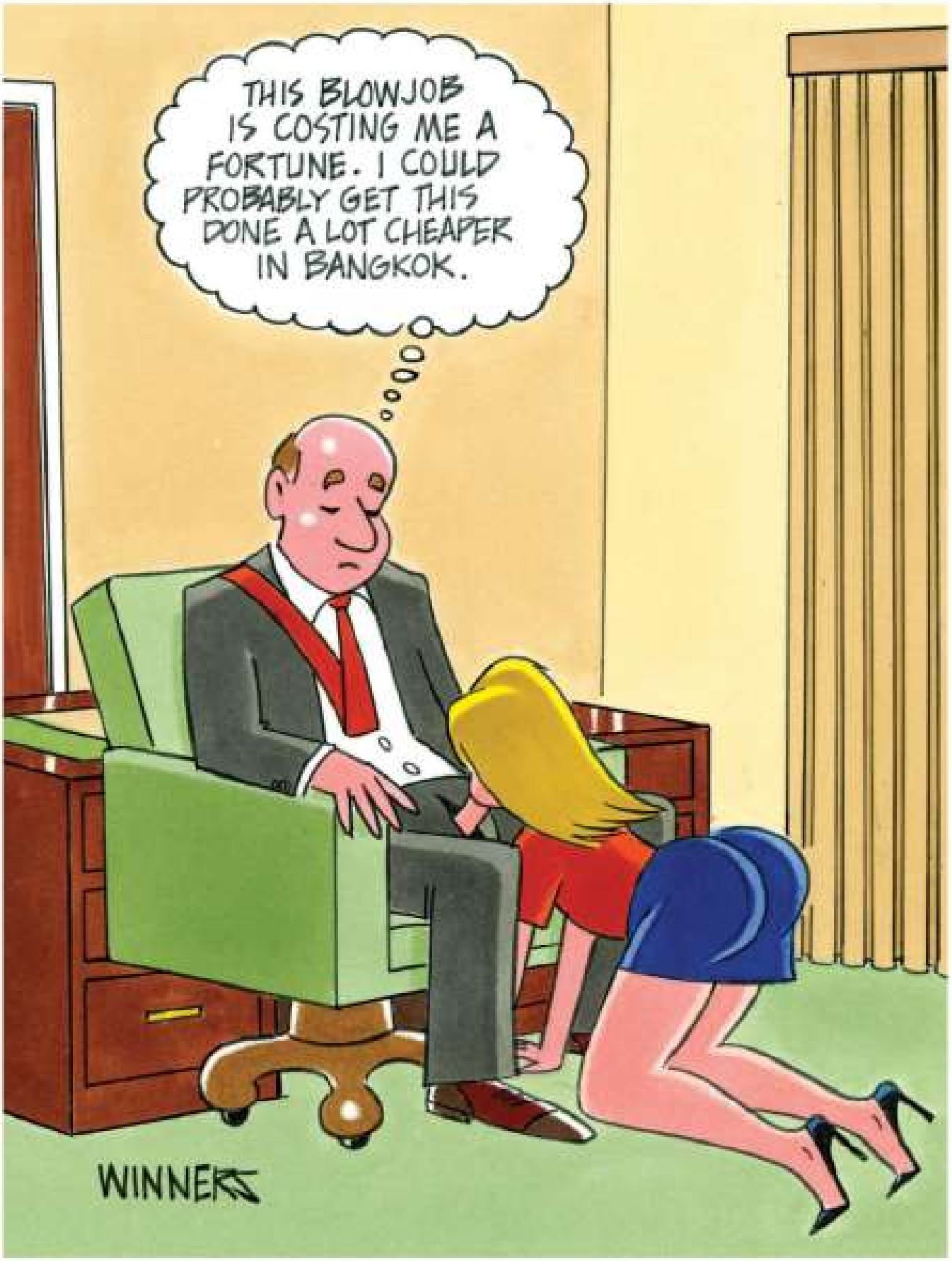
MEAT BURRITO AND A SIDE OF BEANS: JOB #63

"We don't spell 'come' C-U-M here," Lauren explained while standing in front of my little Formica desk in the office which, one week prior, had been the Xerox room. "I know most other adult magazines do, but we don't. If you look up 'cum' in the dictionary, it means 'along with or in combination with.' It does not mean semen—male or otherwise."

"That's very true," I replied, glancing at the 11 highlighted *cum* references in the half-page column of text in my hand, which I was supposed to have proofread for those types of discrepancies. I leaned over my computer and handed the printout back to her. "It just feels so natural for it to come out as…as cum…the C-U-M version. Sorry about that."

"Nobody seems to get it right," she said. "Don't worry. I know it doesn't look right, but it's proper. That's what I'm most concerned with. Nobody seems to give a shit about the proper use of English these days, so I'm doing what I can to correct that. Even if it's just here in porn."

She was the sexiest boss I had ever worked for, with her pale skin, dyed pink bob-cut, plaid miniskirt and knee-high boots. And to see her standing before me, and to listen to her explaining her grammatical preference of euphemism for a man's ejaculate was a position that I had never dreamed possible. But there I was, the newest Copy Editor for three of the nation's biggest gay men's adult magazines, mistaking *cum* for *come* on my first day. For shame, self. For shame. *(continued on page 112)* >>



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MY SECRET SELFIES

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Okay, first of all, a "selfie" is when somebody takes a picture or video of themselves. So to really enjoy this video—which you will—you'll have to adopt a pretty loose definition of "selfie." Apparently the director, if there was one, didn't trust these barely legal clit-strokers to keep things in focus and brought in a cameraman. What if your chick sent you a hot "secret" selfie and you realized she'd hired a whole crew of guys to get a good close-up of her finger-filled twat? If your answer is, "She's a slut anyway, so whatever," then congratulations on your mental health. Anyway, selfie or no selfie, this movie's a great piece of dick-free solo-girl voyeurism with 11 self-lovin' vaginas. We pick Jodi Taylor and Katerina Kay as our favorites, just to give you something to argue about. (We realize Jenna Ashley's baby fat is a helluva contender.) Let's face it, some girls ain't got a lot of skills, but they all know how to make themselves come—or at least fake it real good. And now they can make a living at it. All hail the age of selfsploitation! Order *My Secret Selfies* at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Mark Johnson

CHARITY BANGS

JODI TAYLOR

KATERINA KAY

MIA HURLEY

JENNA ASHLEY

BRAND NEW FACES 44

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: JASLENE JADE, MARISSA BANKS, ANNABELLE AMETRINE, JESSICA JORDAN, JENNA GOLD, XANDER CORVUS, RALPH LONG & JERRY.

Judging by this installment, Vivid's own fresh-crop showcase is even trashier than we thought it was! What are they trying to do, outsleaze our *Beaver Hunt* section? Don't get us wrong; it's refreshing to see Vivid explore the wild side, and this movie's got a grungy authenticity that will remind you of that time you ran into Chris Hansen in somebody's kitchen. (Hey, at least you got on TV!) Jenna Gold, who obviously thinks Lady Gaga stole her act and is probably right, works hard to be the funnest fuck in this five-pack, but there's a certain charm to those faces that silently say, "I probably shouldn't be doing this." We can't decide whether Jaslene Jade gritting her teeth through a facial with her eyes closed is cute or sad, but at least she giggles afterwards while begging for a towel. Guess whether a single guy in a room full of pornographers is gentlemanly enough to get her one. Go ahead, guess.

—M.J.

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WINNERT

CINDY STARFALL

CAREFREE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I went to an all-girls Catholic school and wasn't allowed to go out much. But that just raised my curiosity. My first make-out session was with a girl. I didn't know what to do, so I just let it happen. Now I open my legs to practically everyone. I don't care if people call me a slut. Whatever. I know who I am, and I happen to love big cocks going into my tiny body."

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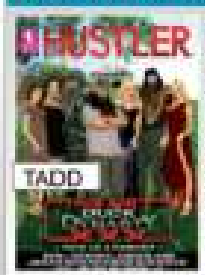

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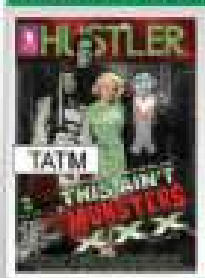

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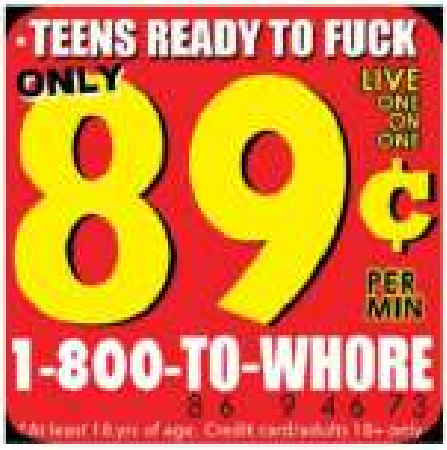
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BEAVER HUNT

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QUINN WINTER

Wanting to be a Beaver was a no-brainer for this "silly and easily excited" 26-year-old from Detroit, Michigan. "I was a cocktail waitress at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club," Quinn Winter proudly informs us. "And I used to flash at concerts all the time. I can't think of many places I haven't been naked." Now she's doing it for a living as Internet eye candy. "I love being sexy, naked and making money," the 5-foot-3 hottie avows. "I like camming because everyone can be themselves and talk openly about sex." Quinn is quite candid: "My hobbies are dancing, shopping, golfing and naked snuggling. My favorite bands are Passion Pit and Two Door Cinema Club. My favorite movies are *The Hunger Games* and *Zoolander*." Zeroing in on her "amazing" sex life, Quinn discloses, "I'm bi, seductive, submissive, kinky and always horny." She's also a member of the Backdoor Club, but well-hung hombres will be denied entry. "My butthole's for small dicks only," Quinn specifies. "I have two fetishes: rating dicks and furry porn." That explains her diminutive-dong fantasy: "I want a small dick and two balls in my mouth at the same time." —*Photos by Casper Muñoz Photography*

"I'm the best girlfriend because I cook and have amazing sex. That's all boys want."
Profiles.MyFreeCams.com/Quinn_Winter • Twitter.com/QuinnWinterXXX • Instagram.com/SnowDonuts

"I aim to please everyone who comes into my room. I'm open to anything!"

ASIA FOXX

"There are two Xs in my name, and I'm currently working on the third," announces this installment's second aspiring nude model. Meet 24-year-old Asia Foxx, who was born in Seoul, South Korea, and holes up in Phoenix, Arizona, when she isn't on call at the Moonlite BunnyRanch in northern Nevada. "I love meeting new people and pleasing them," Asia relates. "Sometimes it feels like a blind date. The customers can see my pictures on the BunnyRanch website, but I haven't seen them." Here's a little insight from the 5-foot-6 courtesan, whose specialties are "great blowjobs" and the Girlfriend Experience: "I'm an outgoing, humble, intelligent lady. I love to read, and I love to laugh. My favorite TV show at the moment is *2 Broke Girls*. It's hilarious. My favorite singers are Jhené Aiko, Trey Songz and The Weeknd, and I love Korean food and Italian pasta dishes." Plucking key entrées from her amorous menu, Asia asserts, "I enjoy sex with men, women and couples. I have a lot of energy, and it's a great workout. I prefer doggy-style, but guys can fuck me any way they like. There's something I haven't done yet. It's for sale. The highest bidder can take my anal virginity." That will surely be an epic booty call.

—Photos by JMR Foto

Twitter: @Asia_Foxx • Email: AsiaFoxx@BunnyRanch.com

"My fantasies are having sex on a moonlit beach and meeting the guy who'll take my anal virginity!"

MartinaSexyGirl.Tumblr.com • Twitter: @Bricldw

MARTINA

"I love dressing provocatively in public, showing a little ass to get all the guys horny wherever I go," states Martina, 32, a housewife from Pauline, South Carolina. "I'm loyal, fun, positive, playful, bi-curious and adventurous." Now the 4-foot-8 Filipina—whose favorite pastimes are "being a mom, sex, modeling and going to places I've never been before"—has a new place to undress provocatively. "My husband encouraged me to send in pictures because I love being in front of the camera," Martina confides. "I get turned on knowing that both men and women will be looking at my naked body. I'm an exhibitionist at heart. I love flashing my pussy at people, but I get an even bigger rush from being watched sucking cock and fucking outdoors. One time my husband and I thought we were alone in the woods only to see a guy masturbating behind a tree. I wiggled my fingers to say it was okay for him to come over, and I sucked his cock while my husband fucked me from behind. It was my first threeway. What can I say? I'm a freak." And an oral aficionada. "I love to 69!" the Taylor Swift, Rascal Flatts and Green Day fan bellows. "Nothing is better than having my pussy eaten while I've got a hard cock in my mouth." Martina's fantasy is "being in a porn movie." She has the spunk to make it a reality. *—Photos by Husband*

KHLOE

This 18-year-old from San Juan Capistrano, California, has headed our way for more than vicarious thrills and 250 smackers. "I have a great-looking body, and I want memories of it," Khloe proclaims. "I want to be naked all the time. A few weeks ago I streaked at a Taco Bell drive-thru. If I'm naked, I'm happy. And I'll do everything I can to make my husband happy. I'm smart, funny, sweet, caring and lovable." The 5-foot-8 skin-mag rookie adds, "I'm an awesome wife. I love to clean—I do it naked even when my husband's not at home!—and I'm almost a sex addict. I love to try all kinds of things." Khloe also digs going to the beach, shopping, *Are You the One?*, *The Fosters* and "rough sports like soccer, football, rugby and MMA." But the bi-curious babe's fantasy is much more docile: "I want to play a game that's similar to hide-and-seek. But when you find the person, you have sex."

—Photos by Kickback Productions

HEAVEN

"I'm not your typical self-employed single mom," reckons Heaven, 36, from Brunswick, Virginia. "I'm kinky, bisexual, energetic, lovable and always cheerful. I love watching porn, reading HUSTLER, skinny-dipping and playing with toys alone or with someone." The 5-foot-2 newbie has come to the perfect place to publicize her most noteworthy attribute: "I love it when a guy slides his cock into me for the first time and says, 'Damn, your pussy is tight!' That totally turns me on." Heaven has a heap of turn-ons. "I love sucking a big, hard cock and being dominated," she fesses up. "It makes me so wet saying, 'Please tie me up, blindfold me and have your way with me.' A must-do is doggy-style fucking while getting my hair pulled, and I love to dress up and act out a guy's fantasy. We only live once, so I'll do anything that makes me feel liberated."

—*Photos by Friend*

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PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Come clean with the dirtiest babes in the jizz biz. Slick, soapy tits. Slippery wet clits. Tongues, fingers, toys. The hot water may run out, but these girls will keep gushing. Enjoy.

NO INMATES
BEYOND
THIS POINT

OD BLVD

(continued from page 77)

"But you really need to catch these things. It's all in the Style Guide that I gave you: all the acceptable spellings and punctuation points," she added. "And remember: no children, no animals, no forced sex. You need to send it back to the writer if you see any of those."

"I'll be sure and keep an eye out," I replied.

"Oh, and feel free to use other euphemisms for 'come' or 'cock,'" Lauren added. "You've got like... nine... ten 'cocks' peppered throughout this article. Readers get bored with reading the same name over and over. Try replacing some of these 'cocks' with 'dick,' 'prick,' 'meat-finger' or 'shaft.' They're the Holy Four. They'll get a lot of use. And 'balls' too. 'Nuts' are fine, or 'sack' if you have to... just not 'testicles.' There's nothing sexy about the word 'testicles.'"

She definitely misread the expression on my face; what she must have thought was revulsion was really just pure and simple astonishment—astonishment at hearing such colorfully perverse words spoken so nonchalantly by both an attractive woman and an employer. "You're all right with this still, aren't you?" she asked with motherly eyes. "I'm not freaking you out, am I? That look on your face...."

"No, no, not at all," I replied. "It's quite the opposite, actually. This look is my thinking look. What about skin plums?"

"Once more?"

"Skin plums. Instead of testicles. Because they hang like fruit."

"Umm, not so sure about that one."

"How about meat-fruit? Like, 'This is my meat-fruit.' Or man-fruit might be pretty good," I added.

My references were getting more comical and less sexy, according to Lauren. She explained that it was probably due to some inherent mental safety mechanism which substituted humor for emotion when confronted with sex. She then asked if I grew up Catholic. She was good, but I denied everything. Then she suggested come-dumplings for the article, and I proposed man-yolk, but we both settled on cock-giblets.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SELL MY BODY FOR MONEY. BUT TIMES GOT REAL TOUGH. SO, NOW I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE.
GIRL, BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER, YOU'RE GONNA BE ASKED TO SWALLOW MORE THAN JUST YOUR PRIDE.
WINNER!

My first week as Copy Editor at Sizzling Publications passed by rather quickly, and quite easily. My average day was divided into two tasks: (1) writing photographer and model credits across the bottoms of photos of men with nine-inch penises penetrating other men with nine-inch penises, and (2) writing red hieroglyphic code beside misspellings and grammatical errors in articles and fiction pieces for the upcoming issues. The proofreading language was an amazingly spirited vocabulary of symbols, once you memorized its 30 or so most-used characters—or once you invisi-taped a small cheat-sheet to the bottom of your monitor. The swirls and circles and dotted lines looked like a primitive Hebrew language that had all but died out with the Old Testament, and now only a few highbrows and scholars knew how to use it correctly. And I made sure to explain it this way to most people when asked what I now did for a living, and always while rubbing my chin and nodding. Sure, any asshole could circle a word that needed to be capitalized, or find a location in a sentence that would be better served with a comma instead of a period. But find me one son of a bitch that can propose using a semicolon correctly, especially in a paragraph about two men fondling each other's scrotums, and I'll show you a genius in the wrong line of work.

So I arrogantly inscribed my little red marks beside, below and above every grammatical error, punctuation problem and misspelling I could find, explaining to each and every staff writer—with my intellectually superior crimson code—that his use of "their" should have been a "they're," and his "cum" should be "come." Drunk with this newfound power, and only slightly to impress Lauren, I began to go above and beyond what was editorially necessary. Almost every "that" became a "which," "where" or "when." Semicolons were appearing everywhere; hyphens were popping up between "cock" and "sucker," but not between "cock" and "sucking," which was a totally different ball-game, according to the Style Guide—the whole noun-versus-verb thing, you see. My budding passion for the job helped me to realize that I had always been a proofreader at heart. I had just never really known it until I applied for a job as one.

But the question of my sexual preference never came up—not during the interviewing process and not as the weeks passed on. I guess they just assumed that any man applying for an editorial job at a gay men's porn magazine was either gay, really into man-on-man pornography, both, or none of the above and just needed a job. Falling into that latter category, I knew the laws had worked to my advantage in getting the position, because it was illegal to ask the sexual orientation of a person during the hiring process. I also realize that this law was usually reserved for the gay not the straight, but the sauce for the goose was the same for the gander, according to Grandma. But I thought for sure, by now, someone would have just asked me.

It took another week until I realized that I was literally the only heterosexual man in an office of over 50 male coworkers. I had a few solid paychecks in the bank and a brief understanding of the rights I had as an employee, so I felt it was time to let a little bit of the truth out. Nothing too damaging at first; just a few random comments to Lauren, then a few through the local gossip channels in the graphic arts department. Just enough for them to question my preference for the vagina or the penis, maybe even toy with the idea of "playing for both teams," at the very least.

"She suggested come-dumplings ...I proposed man-volk, but we both settled on cock-giblets."

Then a three-day weekend found me in the arms of a woman named Billie McTavish, who had taken it upon herself to blow into her cat's rectum while I was giving her oral, and I felt the need to relay this odd information to an editor named Michael that following Tuesday back at work. We worked for a porn magazine, after all, and I hadn't had too many recent tales to tell at the water cooler, so I needed something to share. But it was now finally out of the bag: I slept with women; I was a breeder. Much to my surprise, he complimented me on being so well-dressed and well-groomed for a "vagina preferer," then passed the news through a few of his own gossip channels. Well, his channels reached much farther than mine did, and by lunchtime the news of my heterosexuality had reached Sandy.

"You're straight?!" she charged into my office with a great big smile and announced uncomfortably loud. "I knew it! I knew you were straight! I had a bet going on, and I knew it! It's just you and me. . .and Lauren . . .but she's married. Everybody else here blows cock! Well, I guess I do too, and probably Lauren. But you sure don't! Wow! Great! That is so good to hear!" And at precisely that moment I knew I should have kept my mouth shut.

When you surround a single woman in her mid-30s with nothing but gay men and one straight man, you're looking at trouble. When you surround Sandy with nothing but gay men and one straight man, you're looking at an orgy and probably a lawsuit. She was the editor of the magazine *Young Guys*, which, like its namesake made clear, showed pictures of early-twenty-something twinks flirting with the camera in such scenic locations as: pool, locker room, pool and locker room. My first conversation with Sandy established that she was "very much" a single, heterosexual woman, healthy and disease-free, on several dating websites, turned-on by male porn, "very much" a single, heterosexual woman again, and that she preferred *cum* over *come*, and then a little joke about just preferring cum in general. After she flashed that devious, love-thirsty smile of hers, I knew employment at Sizzling Publications would never be the same again. My candor had severed the innocent unicorn's horn.

Sandy was graced with an enormous set of breasts, an intrusive personality and a phone-voice that permeated office walls. And she seemed to have a talent for writing male-on-male pornographic prose, although she had the good sense to use manly sounding author aliases like Sherwood, SJ and Sam for her articles—to keep the illusion alive for her readers. Her "Editor's Recommendations" page of the top-performing dildos and vibrators always had a tried-and-true quality about it, although I considered it a little devious to judge a vibrator's merit on vaginal stimulation as opposed to anal stimulation. But a good Copy Editor doesn't dare touch such topics out of his pay grade.

There are times when someone flirts and it's so subtle that the message goes unnoticed by the receiving party. And then there were Sandy's flirtations, which were always noticed, and always seemed to take place over a desktop full of nude photographs, and consisted of comments like: "Look at *that* cock, will ya? God, I'd give anything to rub that sweet little pecker right now. Say. . .he looks kind of like you. . . ." Or, "Do you ever just stand in front of a locker room mirror like that and jack off? I bet you make a face like his when you blow your load on your own reflection? I have a big mirror like that at my place. . .we can find out." And yes, I agree, it's difficult to judge what truly makes a flirtation a flirtation when you're staring at a photo of a college quarterback masturbating, which also happens to be part of your job. But if you could have just seen that look in her eyes—like a wolf in heat staring at a rabbit that resembled both lunch and the last penis on Earth—then you would know what a dangerous situation I had found myself in.

Will Sandy rape Brandon? Will Lauren punch Sandy? Will Brandon misspell come*? To find out the answers to these and other pressing questions—and, seriously, to read about that dump on the boss's Benz—pick up or download* The Job Pirate *today.*

Brandon Shugtopher reveals his Ten Rules to Stay Employed *at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EOMfbQbM2_o&feature=youtu.be and talks about his exemplary employment history at* youtu.be/FnDBCvlGdOE.

"You hate housework, so I hired a maid. You hate yardwork, so I hired a gardener. You hate giving me blowjobs, so I hired your mother."

DOC, YOU'RE PROBABLY GOING TO THINK I'M CRAZY ONCE YOU'VE HEARD WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.
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So, we're not going to the reading of your grandma's will?" Ben meekly asks.

"Fuck that dead hag," Hannah scoffs. "The only thing that old bitch ever gave me was this lousy brooch. Told me it's been in the family for generations and to make sure nothing bad ever happens to it." Hannah undoes her bra and sandwiches Ben's face between her supple tits while the brooch dangles over his head. "I'm going to wear this; you're going to ride me and then drench me with your cum. Baby, I want you to make this a pearl necklace."

COMING SOON

THIS AIN'T MODERN FAMILY XXX

Our roving reporter, Alex Renton, sneaks behind the scenes of our very own sex-com to explore anal, incest and Gloria's bosom. Hint: We're probably not going to win a Primetime Emmy.

BAD RELIGION

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SISTER SWAP

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